

A  
LETTER  
FROM  
CALEB DANVERS  
Of GRAY'S-INN, *Esq;*  
TO  
Mr. Shimei Troublewater,  
Of HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE.

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*Sus minervam. Cic.*

*Pædagogi Provinciam nullus invadito,  
contra peccans vapulato.  
Ex leg. xii. Tab.*

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L O N D O N :

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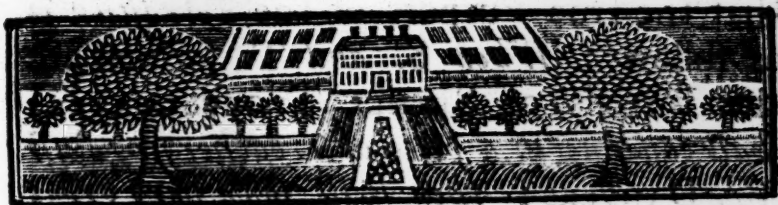
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S I R,



Mong the several wonderful Predictions of *Nostradamus*, there is one I always thought had some Relation to my self; it runs thus in the Language of those Times,

*Lorsqu' S & T cuidera  
A ANVERS faire trahison,  
Grand peril menacera  
Noble Arbre du TISON.*

The Sense of this obscure Oracle has puzzled all the Commentators upon that celebrated Work, who (contrary to my own private Opinion) will needs have it to refer to something about the City of ANTWERP. Your Letter to Mr. *Boutefeu* (which my Bookseller sent me Yesterday,) convinces me, they are a Pack of Asses, and

that the true Purport of the *Tetrastick* is as follows: *When S. and T.* (which are the Initials of SHIMEI TROUBLEWATER) *shall combine in a piece of Treachery against Mr. DANVERS; then shall some very great Evil threaten the Illustrious Tree* (i. e. Family) *of the Boutefeus; for as the Firebrands and the Boutefeus come from one and the same Stock, the Word TISON,* taken figuratively, may be understood to imply the whole *House*.

Let that Prince of modern Astrologers have come, as he may, by this strange Insight into Futurity; many Things conspire at this Juncture (I heartily wish I may be deceiv'd) to persuade me, that the Accomplishment of this Prophecy is not far off: But what I am most surpriz'd at, is, that a Person of so little Weight and Moment, as your self, should be so demonstrably design'd in it; for now, Sir, I call you perfectly to mind, (tho' not indeed without a good deal of Pains) having had the Honour once in my Life (I think some Five and Forty Years ago) to see you distinguish your self in *Smithfield* as *Zany* and *Ophiophagist* to the famous Orvietan-Monger, *Alexander Bendo*. Any farther Acquaintance with you I disclaim, *manibus pedibusque*. It was, I presume, under that renown'd Stage *Æsculapius*, that you be-  
came



came so familiar with *Toads*, *Vipers*, *Hemlock*, *Arsenick* and *Antimony*, which makes you now recommend that Heterogene Diet to the tender Stomachs of my Pupils, as if Boys, born in *tantæ Fortunæ spem*, were to be educated your Mountebank-way. But I *smell a Rat*, Mr. *Troublewater*; you are in Fee, I'll hold Fifty Pound, with the STANDFASTS, and would make me your *Cat's-paw* in the Affair, in order to have the Children poisoned, and me charg'd with the Murther at the Bar of the *Old Baily*, where you suppose I should scarce find so indulgent a Jury as Mrs. L——y met with at G——d. But more of this in its proper Place.

Since then my serious Lucubrations must needs be broke in upon by the vile Underminings of such a diminutive Pickthank as you, (whose Design, at best, is to take the Bread out of my Mouth;) and since you top the Man of Importance, the Philosopher; and the Πολυμαθής upon us; (having skrew'd your self, by some Diabolical Means or other, into my Patron's Favour and Confidence,) it is high time I should deviate a little from my usual manner of entertaining the Publick, to let it see what an ignorant Impostor you are; and to convince Mr. *Boutefeu* in particular (a Man whose great Abilities

lities are impaired with Age and Crofles) how ill a judg'd thing it was in him to ask any Body's Advice but mine ; and how infinitely more fo, to ask yours, of all Men living, who are a *Shrub*, a *Mouse*, a *Pismire*, a *Μύρμηκας*, in comparifon to me ; and of lefs confequence in the Commonwealth than the leaft of the fifty-three Thoufand Pigmies that ow'd their Exiftence to one of *Pantagruel's* F——ts.

Not to give your Self-fufficiency any new Handle from the Oppofition of an Antagonift of my Weight, I declare to you before-hand, that in order to lay you upon your Back, I fhall employ but juft one Ninth and two thirty-fixths of my Strength ; which is lefs by four Sevenths, and eight Twenty-fourths, than what I ufe to *Osborne* and *Walsingham*. I leave you to guefs from hence, with how much Contempt I look down upon you : *Quam ficeci Te faciam hinc collige quod virium mearum portiuunculam folummodo, cum tali Hoftē congregurus arceffam* ; as *St. Auftin* fays to an Heretick that had attack'd him.

But now, to go to work with you methodically : *You make no queftion* (you fay in the firft place) *but that Mafter Harry and Will, at prefent under the Care of fo*  
con-

*consummate a Politician as Mr. Danvers,* (which, by the way, I take to be a Sneer) *will turn out worthy Boutefeus, and bid fair for oversetting the Commonwealth when they come to be Fifty.* The Children are much oblig'd to you, good Mr. Busy-body; but, with your Wisdom's Permission, where would be the great harm, suppose they should anticipate some twenty or thirty Years upon your Hopes, and not wait till the *Crow has set her Foot upon them*, before they make a bold Push, and attempt something *worthy*, as *Juvenal* says, *brevibus Gyaris?* This, I dare assure you, that if, before they arrive to half that Age, they have not done Honour to their Family, by *quelque Action d'Eclat*, I shall earnestly beg of their Friends that the Share I have had in their Education may be sunk upon the World.

Did not your Knowledge in History go hand in hand with your Skill in Politicks, I might now have spar'd myself the trouble of informing you, that *Alcibiades* was carrying on a secret Intelligence with the *Lacedæmonians* against his Country, before he had paid his last Quarteridge (in *Greek* *Διδασκαλὸς ὀδραχμῶν*) to his Tutor *Socrates*; that the *Gracchi* had but just left off *plou-  
stello adjungere mures*, when they began their popular Cabals; and that the fa-

mous *Fieschi* was playing at the *Orbicello*, (i. e. Hot-cockles) *fra altri Ragazzi e Putte*, (as my *Italian* Author has it) among other young Lads and Lasses, but the very Evening before his desperate Enterprize upon the Liberty of GENOA.

Suppose therefore I have a mind, Sir, that *Harry* and his Brother should *equitare in Arundine longâ* till they are put up for Parliament-Men, what's that to you or any body but their own Friends and Relations? And suppose I take it into my Head, (after the Example of *Agésilas*) to ride an Hobby-horse with them myself, what have you to say to it, Sir? Expose me in Print, if you dare; I will not only cry down your Drugs, and ruin the Sale of your Powder of Post, but also write an History of Quacks, as I have done of Ministers, and send one of my Scavengers, into the bargain, to cover you, *à Capite ad Calcem*, with some of the choicest and foulest *Whitechappel* Dirt that is in my whole Magazine.— Hear this, and tremble.

What a shallow Antiquarian you are, is further evident from your Misapplication of the Word CROWN in the Case of *Romulus* and *Amulius*. Allegories should never exceed the *Verisimile*, with Prose Authors, at least, whatever Allowances may be given to Poets, who are ty'd down by Rhyme, or Measure. To give out  
that



that a Man stole his Uncle's *Crown*, when I can demonstrate that it was no more than a *Diadem*, is just as if you should say, that such a one (*Anglicanus*, for instance, or *Fog*) had purloined Mr. *Danvers's Silver Pen*, whereas it is notorious that the Instrument I have always writ with is the Quill of a *Grey Goose*. If I deem'd it worth my while, Sir, I could give an History of *Imperial Head-Attires*, from *Nimrod's Leather-List* down to the last and junior Crown of all, Prince COLLEY'S *Laurel*. I have studied the Materials, Gravity, Form, and Dimensions of the *Persian Cydaris*, the *Armenian Tiara*, the *Phrygian Mitre*, the *Diadem*, the *Vitta*, the *Corona Radialis*, the *Corona Clausa*, the *Iron Crown* of the *Lombard Kings*, the *Pope's Triple Crown*, the *Doge of Venice's Thrum Cap*, and the *Ottoman Turbant*. As to *St. Edward's Crown*, which the *Old Woman* (as you are very rightly informed) shews in the *Tower*: Pray allow me to understand the Nature and Properties of *that* better than any Man living; and, let me tell you, Sir, that were an *Old Woman* the *Wearer* or *Keeper*, as well as the *Shewer* of it, it would be the happiest Day my Patron *Achitophel* and his Friends ever saw: Then possibly might I, (or, to speak more *a la*



*Grande*, we) come in for the SEALS; and, if you behaved well, you would be preferred perhaps yourself, to give a *Suppositor* now and then to my *Train-bearer*.

Queen *Olympias*, as you inform us, was a *Patient Grizel*, before her *Night's Conversation with the male Dragon*: Pray now, who told you so? I am sure it was neither *Plutarch*, *Justin*, nor *Curtius*. This therefore I take to be *gratis dictum*; and if you were that Friend you pretend you are to the *Boutefeus*, you would not have robb'd their Family of an *Heroine* who has done it so much honour, and for whom Mr. *Danvers* has such a particular Regard.

But how comes it to pass, pray Sir, that you, who slip no Opportunity (as appears by your many Quotations) of shewing how well read you are, should slubber over so hastily so copious a Topick as that concerning *Dragons*? What a Field was here for you to expatiate in, by telling us the various Opinions of the Ancients and Moderns with regard to a Creature whose Existence is so very problematical and dubious! Had I been in your place, what Work would I have made with the Whigs, by proving to them, as plain as a Pike-staff, out of *Aristotle*, *Pausanias*, *Ælian*, *Plinius secundus*, *Ulysses Aldrovandus*, *Perizonius*, the Legend of St. *George*, and the Ballad of *More of More-hall*, that  
their

their *Dragons* now-a-days (after the Example of the *Milites Draconarii* among the *Romans*) have usurped a Name they have no Right to; for that the *Dragon*, (if ever there were such an Animal) has proved himself, at all Times, and in all Cases, a sworn Enemy to Martial Men. As for instance; Did not one single *Dragon* make head against the Army of *Regulus* in *Africa*; and did not another strike a Panick into *Alexander's* Victorious Troops in *India*? Pray were not the Priests of *Bel* and the *Dragon, Hand and Glove*, as we say, (which could never have been if they had not look'd upon him as a *Tory*;) and was not *Daniel*, who discovered their fellow-feeling, about the *Roast-meat, premier Ministre* to *Darius* (*Dan. vi.*) and consequently a *Whig* every Inch of him?

Your Mention of *Eve* (a little before you touched upon *Olympias*) I expected would have brought you to let your Reader into some curious Particulars that are to be met with among the *Talmudists*, concerning our first Mother's Intimacy with the *Serpent*. Here I was deceived again; for you are quite a Stranger, it seems, to these *Oriental Literati*. Learn then, Sir, from the great *Matthew Zimmerman*, who has compared all their various Opinions in his *Horilegium Philologicum*, that it is yet  
in

in dispute among the Rabbins, whether the *Devil* turned himself into the *Ceraſtes*, the *Aſp*, the *Chelydrus*, the *Ammodyes*, the *Hæmorrhoids*, the *Dipſas*, the *Amphibæna*, the *Bafilisk*, the *Seps*, the *Scytale*, the *Natrix*, the *Faculus*, the *Preſter* (from whom deſcend the *Abyſſinian Preſter-Johns*) the *Scolopendra*, or the *Rattle-Snake*. I, for my own part, decide in favour of the laſt, knowing, from a long Experience, that the *Rattles* have always a prodigious Aſcendant over the Female Sex.

You ſay, Sir, in another Part of your Letter, that *Lucian's Impoſtor*, (I ſuppoſe you mean *Alexander* the *Paphlagonian*) uſed to conceal the Snake under his Gown. Here I muſt take the liberty to ſet you right again; for this you ſeem to advance upon no better Authority than you have for moſt of your Poſitions. The Fact, as I find it in the Original, is thus: *Alexander* (who had certainly more Guts in his Brains than ſome People have) knowing Superſtition to be the Foible of his Countrymen, thought it would be no hard Matter to paum upon them a falſe *Æſculapius*, a God for whom they had (it ſeems) a particular Eſteem. In order to this, having found a ſwinging young Snake, very docile and tractable, and bred him up a little to his Hand, out he comes  
into

into the publick Place, holding the Animal fast between his Arm and his Body, in such a manner that the true Head of him lay concealed in the Folds of the Juggler's Gown, and there was artfully substituted in its room a false one, of Paste-board, in the Likeness of an Human Head, which, by the Help of some unseen Wires and Pipes (like those our Puppet-Players use) not only moved its Eyes and Lips, but likewise delivered such articulate Sounds as the *Saltinbanco* thought fit. Thus the Imposture went down current with the *Paphlagonians*, and brought our *Fourbe* into vast Veneration, which, to be sure, he found his Account in. Now to apply this Tale, Sir, and convince you how great a Blockhead you are, I will let you into a Discovery which you would never have made of yourself. I have been playing *Lucian's Alexander* upon the Publick these six Years; the Serpent's real Head, (i. e. *my Design to subvert the Government*) I keep under the Hatches; the Counterfeit and visible Human one (which has the Face of a State-Physician, or *Æsculapius*) is the *Mask of Patriotism*, behind which I play my Legerdemain Tricks.

Having demolished you as an *Historian*, and a *Politician*, I shall now proceed to take



take you to Pieces as a *Naturalist*, a *Conjuror*, a *Well-bred Man*, and a *Virtuoso*.

Since you are so very particular, Sir, in specifying the Poisons that *Mithridates* accustom'd himself to; I must tell you, that you talk without Book; for I, who have read all the Authors that treat of that Prince, could never meet with any such *Detail*. I know, indeed, what you do not, that whatever His favourite Poison was, he kept it in the *Pommel* of his *Sword*, (as *Hannibal* did his in a *Ring*) and that he took it not to make him more a *Boutefeu* than he naturally was, but to secure himself provisionally against his dangerous *Under-cooks*, the *Troublewaters*, who were brib'd, under-hand, by *Sylla*, *Lucullus*, and *Pompey*, to mince *Cat's Liver* in his *Sauces* and forc'd *Meats*, and to put *Viper-heads* into his *Broth*. It is much that you, who have practis'd Quackery, Man and Boy, these Fifty Years, should not know it is for this Reason that the most sovereign ἀλεξιφάρμακον, in the whole Medicinal System; has obtained the Name of *Mithridate*; and that it is a main Ingredient in *Diascodium*, *Venice-Treacle*, and other excellent Sudorificks; though I must still own, these are not to be named in a Day, any of them, with a certain *Sweating Powder* that



that is administred (as I know from my own Experience) at a famous *Dispensary* in *Westminster*, called *Banco Regis*.

Your Instructions to Signior *Cacasuogo* (it is our *Corfican* Cook's Name) having been interpreted to him by me, made the Fellow laugh, I will assure you, till I thought he would have broke a Gut. As soon as he had got so far the better of his Mirth, as to be able to speak, *Cospetto di Dio Baccho* (says he) *questo Becco cornuto mi vuol insegnare a far del Cuoco che vada farsi bou——rar*. Then, Sir, (to shew you that you have been all this while *teaching your Grandame to suck Eggs*) he ran me over such a Catalogue of *Oglios, Soupes, Terrines, Bisques, Ragouts, Pyes, Pattees, Tarts, Polloes, Fricassees, Fricandoles, Sauces, Hoch-pots* and *Salamongundys*, as set me a staring like a stuck Pig, and proved himself to be so thoroughly versed in all the *Μαγειρικὴ τέχνη*, or *Maxims and Precepts Culinary*, of *Apicius Cælius, Parmeno Rhodius*, the Poet *Philoxenus*; *Cadmus*, (Head Cook to *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*;) *Archestratus's* *Gastrology*; *Bartoli Scappi*; *le Cuisinier parfait*; and the late incomparable Mr. *Lamb*; that I deem him worthy to be stiled the first *Opsodædalus* in *Europe*; and does it become, pray, a little Retailer of

C Rats-

*Ratsbane*, as you are, upon the Strength of some small Knowledge you may have pilfered from your Master *Bendo's* Manuscripts, (for I am confident that *Grevinus de Venenis*, *Albertus Magnus de Animalibus Pestiferis*, *Angelus Abbalius de admirabili naturâ Viperæ*, with many more I could name, are Authors far above your Sphere;) Does it become such a *Sciolus*, I say, Sir, to instruct this great Operator, whose Secrets in his way of Business probably contributed not a little to the Revolt of his Countrymen; for he has served, I am told, in General *Giafferi's* own Kitchen. To prevent therefore your running your self into such Scrapes for the future, let me be so far your Friend, as to give you this Piece of Advice out of that very *Seneca*, whom you quote so familiarly: *Ante omnia necesse est seipsum æstimare quia fere plus nobis videmur posse quam possimus.*

I am so thorough a Master of the Subject we are upon, and so nettled to the Quick withal at your Presumption, that, as inconsiderable, and as much of the *Whackum* as you are, I cannot deny myself the Pleasure of extending a little upon *Pædotrophy*, (so far as it relates to the Family I am concerned with) to convince you that *Bragadocio* was not more a Monkey in Sir *Guyon's* Harness,

ness, than is *Shimei Troublewater*, when he takes upon him to direct *Caleb Danvers*.

The oldest Account we have of the Education of a *Boutefeu*, is that of *Achilles*; who, if we believe *Apollodorus*, was bred up by hand from his Cradle, and with-held not only from sucking the Breast, but likewise from all manner of Milk in Pap, Posset, or any other kind of Spoon-meat. Hence it was, says the Poet *Euphorion*, that he was named *Achilles* by the *Mirmidons*, which Word being a compound of the Negative  $\alpha$ , and  $\chi\acute{\iota}\lambda\alpha\varsigma$ , is as much as to say, *Milkless*; or in *French*, *Monfieur Sanflait*.

Ἐς φθίῳ χιλοῖο κατ'ἡε πάμπαν ἄπαρος  
Τένεα Μυρμιδόνες μιν Ἀχιλέα φημίζαντο.

But you will ask, what the Devil did the Child subsist upon then? — Why, to satisfy your Curiosity, Sir, for once, I shall tell you what I have met with in a *Greek Fragment* of the remotest Antiquity, (pretended to be *Chiron's* own Hand-writing) now in the Possession of my worthy Friends the *English Jesuits* at *St. Omer's*. The *Centaur*, who was a Person of a very acute Wit, and had a Satyrical Turn with him, out of his abundant

dant Love for the Boy, would be continually scribbling any Invective or Raille-ry that came uppermost against the *Kings, Ministers, and People in Power* in those Days, (not unlike my *Craftsmen*) and when he had done this, he would cut the Bark of the Tree, so writ upon (for Paper was not then in Use) into several Slices and Bits, some bigger, some less, in Proportion to the degree of Hunger he observed in his *Eleve*, and so give it him raw. This Diet wash'd down after every Meal with a Quart of *Wormwood Wine*, produced the desired Effect, and made *Achilles*, when he advanced in Years, turn out the *William Boutefeu* of the Greek Camp, and Chief of the *Anti-Agamemnonian* Faction.

*Dioscorides* finds fault with this Method of *Chiron's*, and *Pontanus de Alimentis Puerorum*, condemns it *Bell, Bock and Candle* : If you have a mind (it is to this Effect he speaks) *that your Son should tread in the Track of so many glorious Incendiaries, such as were in Athens the Fomenters of the Peloponesian War; in Rome, certain Demagogues, and Tribunes of the People; in Sicily, the Friends of the Dionysii; and in Constantinople, the Enemies of Belisarius; take them a wet Nurse, by all means, one that is Red-hair'd, Bleer-ey'd, Beetle-brow'd, Hump-back'd, Splay-footed, and whose Complexion has a livid*  
Cast



*Cast with it. Rarò enim fallunt hæc indicia, Puerisque quos in Rei Publicæ perniciem alere studeas, hujusmodi nutricem dare imprimis expedit.* Now, Sir, since I do not find *Sucking* limited to any certain Time, and there being many Instances of Adult Persons that have used it, especially in Hæctick Cases; as my Pupils moreover seem inclinable to be consumptive, and as my *Wife* has all the Qualities *Pontanus* requires, I proposed a Course of her *Milk* to Mrs. *Boutefeu*, who thought it highly expedient; and accordingly the Children have begun to suck Morning and Night, nor are they to be *plucked from the Nipple*, till they are just fit to go to *Oxford*.

You seem to think it proper, in your abundant Sapience, that I should sometimes take the Boys and their Sisters (an Occupation indeed very becoming my Gravity) to dine upon roasted *Lobsters* at *Billingsgate*: I turned over therefore, not only the Authors already cited, to look for Precedents, but likewise all our Kitchen Registers, and could not find, upon the strictest Scrutiny, that *Echinophagy* had ever been used among the Children of the *Boutefeus*, for two Reasons; first, because Crab, Craw, Lobster, and all other such Shell-fish, being *Alkalis*, were looked  
upon



upon as Sweetners of the Blood, and consequently most improper Food for our *Infantes* and *Infantas*, even according to your own Way of Reasoning. And, Secondly, because (though perhaps you intend it as a *Joke* upon the *Soldiery*) this carries a tacit *Innuendo* with it against our Allies of the Clergy, for that (as every Fisherman can tell you) the LOBSTER is *Black*, before he becomes *Red*; and the Sarcaſm might therefore be juſtly retorted upon us by our common Enemies, the *Whigs*.

Had you mention'd the *Machærophorus*, or *Sword-fiſh*; you would have ſhewn your Reading, and recommended your Judgment; not only as the Fleſh of it is exquisite to the Taſte, but likewise as it is the *Bully* of the *Mediterranean*. But to this, I ſuppoſe, you are an utter Stranger, as well as to the *Sepia*, or *Ink-fiſh*, a Species in a perpetual War with the former: It is doing you too much Honour, to acquaint you, that the Worſhipful *Joſhua Danvers*, my Father, uſed to have this laſt brought for me in double bottom'd Veffels out of the Streights, when I was little, with a Political View, becauſe, (as we find it in *Caneparius de Atramentis*) *ſcribendi pruriginem vehementer promouet*; it is a vaſt Incentive to Scribbling.

Though

Though you may be *Conjurer* enough to impose upon my Patron, as I have already hinted; yet you are not, I see, by a great deal, that *Archimago* that you pretend to be; or you could not certainly be weak enough to imagine, that you can rout *Standing Armies*, put a Stop to *Salt-Duties*, or overset such a *Ministry* and *Majority* as there is at this time of Day, by the Assistance of a *Magick Lanthorn*; a pretty *Machine*, I confess, but so common, that every dirty *Savoyard* Rascal carries it about from Country to Country: But, had you any Skill in Criticism, would you not here at least have *Bentleyis'd* upon the Publick; and given a *Dissertation* upon this ingenious Device (which was an Invention of *Zoroaster's*, according to *Polydor Virgil*) and then might not you have proceeded to enumerate to us, out of *Aristotle's* Treatise, περὶ φανῶν, and *Licetus de Lucernis Antiquorum*, all the various Sorts of *Lanthorns* in Use among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and then have set forth to us wherein they resemble to, or differ from those of the *Moderns*; as the *Portable Lanthorn*, (which is subdivided into the *Glass*, the *Horn*, the *Paper*, and the *Dark Lanthorn*,) the *Great Hall-Lanthorn*, the *Ship-Lanthorn*, the *Street-Lanthorn*; and last of all, the *Jack-a-Lanthorn* (alias *Will of the Wisp*) which is a kind of

*Will*

*Will Boutefeu*, that leads People into *Boggs, Sloughs, Ditches, and Precipices*, and there leaves them to get out again as they may.

You are pleased to make mention of a *Talismanical* Figure of *Wax*, that works by *Sympathy* (if pricked or tortured) upon the *Person* it is made to represent. *Ecce iterum Crispinus!* here is again our *Wiseacre*, that carries Coals to *Newcastle!* — Neither is the *Art* lost, Sir, as you imagine (since there are twenty Instances of it in *Glanvil of Witches*,) nor is it an *Eupumg* of Doctor *Foreman's*; for we not only find in *Guaguin* that such a sort of Spell was put in Practice against the *French* Monarch, *Lewis le Hutin*, and his Cousin, *Charles of Valois*; and know that it was used by *Horace's Canidia* many Ages before; but are likewise assured that it was in Fashion so long ago as the Time of the *Argonauts*; for does not *Ovid* say, (speaking of *Medea* in *Hipsipyle's* Epistle to *Jason*?)

*Devovet absentes, simulacraque Cerea fingit,  
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget Acus.*

Not to puzzle that poor Clodpate of yours with an hundred other Authorities I could quote from *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Kircher*, *Trithemius*, and *Petrus Arpe de Re Talismanicâ*, nor to confound you with  
the

the various *cabalistical* Enquiries into the Rise and Origin of that incomparable *Secret*, which you, according to Custom, treat of so superficially ; I shall only acquaint you, Sir, that it is a Thing has come into my Head upon some late Victories of the adverse Party, more than once, and that two Considerations only have with-held me from this last *πανελθόμενον*, or *exterminatory Piece of Vengeance*, (which I keep for my *pis aller* :) First, the great Expence of Wax I must be at to personate such a Number of *Individuals* as are necessary to be cut off ; and, Secondly, the *Pact* or *Treaty* which (as *Albinus de Villanova*, *Goclenius*, *Friar Bacon* and the great *Marcellus Empiricus*, one and all assure me in their Works ) I must previously make with a certain *Black Gentleman*, without which the Charm will prove ineffectual. But, it is an old Saying, Sir, *there are more Ways to the Wood than one* ; and therefore, without running half that Risque, I have be-thought me of another supernatural Expedient, which I have met with in some of the *Basilidian* Writers, and which is deduced not from any *Σαλαμική δμόνοια*, or *Diabolical Confederacy*, but from mere *Astrological* Principles, such as the celebrated *Picus* of *Mirandola*, *Cardanus*, *Dr. Dee*, and

D other



other *Gnosticks* went upon formerly; and this, Sir, I may possibly put in Practice at the opening of *next Sessions*, if I find by that Time that I am still *washing the Black-amore White* with my *Craftsmen*. That you may know, Sir, *ex pede Herculem*, I do not much care if I let you into some part of this wonderful Piece of *Planetotechny*, which is as follows. Every Sign of the *Zodiack*, Mr. *Troublewater*, has a mystical Influence upon some Part or other of Human Kind, in its particular governing Month, as *Sagittarius* upon your *Archers*, or *Gentlemen of the Long-Bow*; the *three horned Signs* upon *Cuckolds*; *Virgo* (which is the Sign of all the Twelve that has the least to do) upon *Maidens*, &c. now the Constellation that presides over the Army, being *Leo*; and *Libra*, that which governs your *Balance-holders*, (i. e. *Statesmen* or *Ministers*;) Suppose, when the Sun is in either of these Houses, I engrave upon a *Brass Plate*, with my Wife's *Bodkin*, certain *Hieroglyphicks*, or *Abraxas* (a great Secret among us *Adepts*) muttering Words, and using Ceremonies that must be nameless at the Time I am doing this; why may not the Virtue of the said *Plate* be such, that by fixing it Horizontally over the Door of the *Lobby* of the *House of Commons*, in such a Position, that



that every *Member* must pass directly under it; there would necessarily follow some *instantaneous, unparalleled, unaccountable, State-confounding, Anti-whigismatical, Philodanversian* Revolution of Affairs, to my immortal Honour, and the immediate *Synchysis, or Bouleversement* of every thing *Civil and Military*? What a glorious new *Epoch* would here be for the *Echards and Rapins* of future Ages?

When I reflect on the *Impolitesse* of some part of your Advice to my Patron, where you would encourage certain *petites malices* (as you call them) in my Pupils against myself, I can scarce help shedding a Tear for the poor Gentleman's Weakness, who, after so many generous Efforts towards *Slavery and State-conflagrations* in his younger Days, can now find in his heart to take Counsel of one that has neither the *Depth* of a *Politician*, the *Acuteness* of a *Man of Letters*, nor the *Savoir-vivre* of a *Gentleman*. Reflections upon Mrs. *Danvers's* *Virtue*, and my *Forehead*, from Brats of that Age, would be hopeful Symptoms with a Witness! And as for *blowing up my Tobacco-pipe, oversetting my Inkborn, and whipping my Chair from under me*, I would fain see either of them but dare to conceive such a Wickedness in his Heart: He should find in me,

not a *Busby*, but a downright *Orbilius*: I would not *flagellare*, Sir, but I would *excarnificare*. I believe, indeed, contrary to my Intention, some how or other the young Rogues have got a Sight of your Letter to their *Father*; for this Morning (I take it to be their doing, and would give a Guinea to come at the Truth) snatching up a Piece of Paper that lay as by Accident upon my Table, to my great Surprize I found it contained this abusive

## A C R O S T I C K.

C heefecakes and Custards make the School-boy glad;  
 A Warrior's ravish'd when he mounts his Pad;  
 L arge Sirloyns give the Glutton perfect Bliss;  
 E mbroider'd Coxcombs please the pretty Miss.  
 B ounding in May upon the flowery Green

D oll would not change her State to be a Queen;  
 A fies are then most happy when they bray;  
 N othing charms Chloe like a bawdy Play.  
 V ineyards to Sots afford eternal Glee;  
 E after's the City 'Prentice Jubilee.  
 R ough Play in Bed transports the tender Lads;  
 S uch is my Joy when CRAFTSMEN wipe my A---.

If I was to give my Opinion, in what part of your Letter it is that you shew yourself most a *Blockhead*, (which is indeed enough to puzzle the wisest Man living) it should certainly be in favour of  
 your

your last Proposal of all, with regard to a *Gallery of Family Busts*. — Pray, Sir, allowing that this were a proper Time for such an Expence (when it is the Business of the *Boutefeu's* to plead all the Poverty imaginable) upon the Strength of what Self-consciousness is it, that you set up for Skill in a *Branch of Learning* so very much out of your way, as I am certain *Virtuosity* must be? To execute a Design of this important Nature as you ought, is it sufficient, do you think, to have pick'd up half a score Terms of Art, or to know that there have been such Men in the World as a *Catiline*, a Duke of *Guise*, a *Simon of Mountfort*, an *Harry Hotspur*, a *Wat Tyler*, and a *Janisary* call'd *Patrona*? Or that there is in *London* one Mr. *Rysbrack*, a Professor of the *Plastick*, or *Statuary Art*?

Because I have been sunk for these five Years past in the unfathomable Abyss of *Politicks*; because I have stood the *Advocate* of *Party-Rage*, and the *Champion* of those injured Twin-Sisters, *Envy* and *Ambition*; am I therefore to be thought wanting in those fashionable *Arts* and *Sciences*, in which it was not possible I could exert myself, without manifestly hurting our Cause, and giving an Advantage over us to the *Whigs*? Am I  
 2 there-

therefore ( I say ) to seek , do you imagine , even in the most abstruse Mysteries of *Connoissance*, or more a Stranger to the Names of *Lysippus*, *Scopas*, *Myron*, *Agathias*, *Apollonius*, *Tauriscus*, *Phidias* and *Praxiteles*, than I am to our *Berninis* and *Michel-Angelos* of *Hyde-Park Corner* ? I have in my own Chambers at *Gray's-Inn*, I would have you to know, Sir, (and sure my Patron himself must remember it ) a little kind of *Lararium*, or Collection of about two hundred small *Boutefeu Models*, and *Casts*, (*bronz'd* over, to make them look more like Nature,) in the Corner of my Library, which have amused me for half an Hour very agreeably every Morning for these last ten Years, whilst I am chewing my *Rhubarb* ; a Drug to which I owe both the *Vigor* of my *Constitution*, the *laxative* Faculty of my *Intestinum Rectum*, and the *Bitterness* of my *sarcastical* Strokes. There I not only view myself as in a Mirror, in the *saturnine* Aspect of *Guy Fawks*, but likewise survey with Pleasure some of the most eminent *Fomenters* of past Ages, (whose true ἀντίγραφα, or *Copies from the Life*, were perhaps thrown into the *Tyber*, or into the *Ocean*, or knock'd to pieces by common *Hangmen*) happily hit (pur-

suant



suant to my own Directions) from several of my now living intimate *Friends* and Acquaintance, who were so kind as to fit for them: And upon the *Freeze* of the Deal Cabinet that contains these *Worthies* in Epitome, I have writ in *Red Capitals*, (that being the fittest *Colour* for the Purpose) VIRIS IMMORTALIBUS OB INSIGNIA ERGA PATRIAM FACINORA. As I want a *Jack Straw* to compleat my Sett, if you will come any Morning between Ten and Eleven, I shall be glad to present you to my *Modelist*, and to convince you by that *Piece* of *Distinction*, how much I am,

S I R,

*Your Humble Servant,*

CALEB DANVERS.

want to my own Discretion) from several  
 of my new living intimate friends and  
 Acquaintance, who were so kind as to be  
 for them: and upon the basis of the  
 last Cabinet that contains their names  
 in Epitome, I have writ in this Capital  
 (the being in the list of my friends)  
 post) Vitis americanae or americana  
 grand Patris americanae. As I want a  
 good name to complete the title, it  
 will come my Morning Journal's on and  
 I think, I shall be glad to receive  
 my Mother, and to receive you by  
 the name of my Mother, how much I

and

817

My Friend's name

CAIRN DAVIES